Vliſſ. Oh deadly gall and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we looſe our heads to guild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe this mine,
Patrolus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. Paris and I kiſſe euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir? Lady by your leaue.
Creſ. In kiſſing do you render or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.
Creſ. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiſſe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, ile giue you three for one.
Creſ. You are an od man giue euen or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Creſ. No *Paris* is not, for you know tis true,
That you are odde and he is euen with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th head.
Creſ. No ile be ſworne.
Vliſſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne.
May I ſweete Lady begge a kiſſe of you.
Creſ. You may. *Vliſſ.* I do deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge then.
Vliſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake giue me a kiſſe,
When *Hellen* is a maide againe and his ——
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when tis due.
Vliſ. Neuers my day, and then a kiſſe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, ile bring you to your father.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſence.
Vliſſ. Fie, fie vpon her,
Ther's language in her eye, her cheeke her lip,
Nay her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpirits looke out
At euery ioynt and motiue of her body,
Oh theſe encounterers ſo glib of tongue,
That giue a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide vnclapſe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickliſh reader, ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoiles of opportunity:
And daughters of the game. *Flowriſh enter all of Troy.*
All.

All. The Troyans trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troup.
Æne. Haile all the ſtate of Greece: what ſhalbe done,
To him that victory commands, or doe you purpoſe,
A victor ſhalbe knowne, will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall they be diuided,
By any voice or order of the field, *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Æne. He cares not, he'le obay condicions.
Aga: Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale miſpriſing:
The knight oppoſ'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* ſir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles* nothing.
Æne: Therefore *Achilles*, but what ere know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themſelues in *Hector*
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blanke as nothing, way him well.
And that which lookes like pride is curteſie,
This *Aiax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud,
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* ſtaies at home,
Half heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector* comes to ſeeke:
This blended knight halfe Troyan, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battell then, Oh I perceiue you.
Aga. Here is ſir *Diomed*? go gentle knight,
Stand by our *Aiax*. As you and Lord *Eneas*
Conſent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it, either to the vttermoſt,
Or els a breath, the combatants being kin,
Halfe ſtints their ſtrife, before their ſtrokes begin.
Vliſſes: what Troyan is that ſame that lookes ſo heauy?
Vliſ. The yongeſt ſonne of *Priam*, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet match'leſſe firme of word,
Speaking deeds, and deedleſſe in his tongue,
Not ſoone prouok't nor beeing prouok't ſoone calm'd,
His heart and hand both open and both free.